AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
EC
NO. 34
DEC.-JAN.
LN 10
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
EC
10¢

THE VAULT OF HORROR®

HORROR

FEATURING...

THE VAULT-KEEPER

THE CRYPT-KEEPER

THE OLD WITCH

SO WHAT? SO YOU, TOO, CAN JOIN THE

E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!

FOR AN *INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP*, FILL OUT THE *COUPON* AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH *25¢*. IF *FIVE* OR *MORE* OF YOU WISH TO JOIN AS AN *AUTHORIZED CHAPTER*, ENCLOSE *EACH MEMBER'S* NAME AND ADDRESS, ALONG WITH *25¢* FOR *EACH NAME*, AND INDICATE THE *NAME* OF THE *ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT*. WE WILL NOTIFY EACH PRESIDENT OF HIS *CHAPTER NUMBER*. *EVERY* MEMBER, *CHAPTER* OR *INDIVIDUAL*, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT *DIRECTLY*... BY RETURN MAIL.

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

SO, ALL RIGHT! SO HERE'S MY TWO BITS. SO MAKE ME A MEMBER, ALREADY, AND SEND ME THE THINGS AND STUFF LIKE WHAT THE KID UP THERE GOT.. SO!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. ____

STATE _____

VAULT OF HORROR Dec., 1953-Jan., 1954—Vol. 1, No. 34 Published Bi-Monthly by L. L. Publishing Co., Inc., at 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. William M. Gaines, Managing Editor. Albert B. Feldstein, Editor. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. One year subscription in the U. S. 60c, plus 15c postage—total 75c—elsewhere $1.00. Entire contents copyrighted 1953 by L. L. Publishing Co., Inc. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped return envelope. No similarity between any of the characters, names or persons appearing in this magazine with any of those living or dead is intended, and any similarity is purely coincidental. Printed in U. S. A.

Ontology

THE VAULT OF HORROR!®

HEH, HEH! HELLO, THERE, YOU CRAZY MIXED-UP KID! I'M HAPPY TO SEE THAT YOU HAVE GATHERED ENOUGH COURAGE TO VENTURE ONCE AGAIN INTO THE *VAULT!* CLEAR AWAY THAT PILE OF WITHERED, MAGGOTY BONES AND SIT DOWN! DID YOU BRING YOUR SHRUNKEN-EYE-BALL-GOOD-LUCK-CHARM? I WANT YOU TO BE WELL PREPARED FOR THE *HORRIFYING HAIR-RAISER* I'M ABOUT TO TELL! YOU'LL *LIKE* THIS ONE, I'M SURE... SO WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, LET'S BEGIN THE STORY CALLED...

STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT!

DUSK HAD SETTLED OVER THE DRAB GROUNDS OF DETHMOOR, AND THE MISTY RAIN FELL WITH A DIABOLICAL PERSEVERANCE, COVERING ALL WITH A WETNESS THAT WAS MADDENING! HARTLEY QUIMB HUNCHED HIS SHOULDERS AGAINST THE CHILL, AND CURSED SOFTLY

HE CURSED THE RAIN AND THE COLD. HE CURSED THE UNIFORMED GUARDS BESIDE HIM AND THE MINISTER BEFORE HIM, THE JIBBERING CROWD SURROUNDING HIM AND THE GNAWING FEAR INSIDE HIM! HE EVEN CURSED THE BODY LYING IN THE UNCOVERED COFFIN!

FROM BEHIND HIM, A FIGURE DARTED TO THE COFFIN AND PLAYFULLY FINGERED THE FACE OF THE CORPSE! NO ONE MADE A MOVE TO STOP HIM! HARTLEY QUIMB WAS HORRIFIED TO THE POINT OF NAUSEA...

THE FIGURE SCURRIED BACK TO THE CROWD. THE MINISTER SPOKE ON, UNINTERRUPTED, AND HARTLEY QUIMB LOWERED HIS GAZE TO THE QUIVERING MUD PUDDLES...

...BIT OF A *SHOCK*, EH, GUV'NOR?

HARTLEY QUIMB TURNED TO LOOK AT THE STERN-FACED GUARD WHO HAD ADDRESSED HIM...

LORD, YES! THAT WAS *HORRIBLE!*

AYE! BUT IT'S IMPORTANT! YE'LL SEE, AFTER YE'VE BEEN HERE A BIT!

ANOTHER FIGURE CREPT TO THE COFFIN. HE GAZED CURIOUSLY AT THE BODY, HIS EYES SADDENED. THEN, IMPULSIVELY, HE *SLAPPED* THE CORPSE ACROSS THE CHEEK!

SLAP!

GOOD HEAVENS! DID YOU SEE THAT?

AYE! WE *LET* THEM DO THAT! A FUNERAL IS A *TREAT* TO THESE POOR SOULS... AND IT HELPS US TO *CONTROL* THEM! WE USE IT AS A MEANS TO *ENFORCE DISCIPLINE!*

HARTLEY QUIMB BEGAN TO WAVER! HE SWORE AT HIMSELF FOR EVER HAVING *ACCEPTED* THE POSITION OF MASTER OF DEATHMOOR ASYLUM! IF HE HADN'T NEEDED THE MONEY...

DISCIPLINE?

AYE, GUV'NOR! IF THE INMATES DON'T *BEHAVE* THEMSELVES, WE DON'T LET THEM *ATTEND* THE NEXT FUNERAL! IT'S ABOUT THE *ONLY* WAY WE CAN *CONTROL* THEM, UNDERSTAFFED AS WE ARE!

THE COFFIN HAD AT LAST BEEN COVERED, YET A FEW OF THE INMATES RAN FORWARD TO LIFT THE LID SLIGHTLY AND PEER INQUISITIVELY INSIDE! THEN THE COFFIN WAS LOWERED INTO THE GROUND...

THANK GOD! IT'S OVER!

AYE! I GUESS YE'RE A BIT *HUNGRY*, NOT HAVING A BITE TO EAT SINCE YE ARRIVED THIS AFTERNOON! WELL, WE'LL SOON FIX *THAT!*

THE THOUGHT OF FOOD HAD NEVER ENTERED HARTLEY'S MIND, BUT HE WALKED WITH THE GUARDS TO THE MESS HALL, WHICH SEATED BOTH INMATES AND CUSTODIANS ALIKE...

YE MUST UNDERSTAND, SIR! THE INMATES AREN'T *INSANE!* FOR THE MOST PART, THEY'RE MERELY *CHILDISH!* THEY JUST ACT AND THINK LIKE *LITTLE KIDS!*

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE *MASTER* WHO PRECEEDED *ME?*

OH, *NIM*, POOR SOUL! THE INMATES *KILLED* HIM WHEN HE TRIED TO TAKE AWAY ALL THEIR *FUNERAL PRIVILEGES!*

HARTLEY QUIMB NERVOUSLY LIFTED THE FORK AND SPEARED A CHOICE PIECE OF STEAK. HE WAS ABOUT TO PLACE IT IN HIS MOUTH WHEN HIS GAZE DRIFTED OUT OVER THE TABLE. HIS HAND TREMBLED..

A HUNDRED GLARING EYES BURNED INTO HIS! A HUNDRED HATE-FILLED EYES WATCHED HIS EVERY MOVE.

SUDDENLY HE SAW THE SLOVENLY FOOD THEY WERE EATING. HE GLANCED AT THE JUICY, TENDER MORSEL OF STEAK ON HIS FORK AND THEN LOOKED AGAIN INTO THEIR VENOMOUS EYES. THE FORK CLATTERED TO THE TABLE AS HE ROSE UNSTEADILY TO HIS FEET...

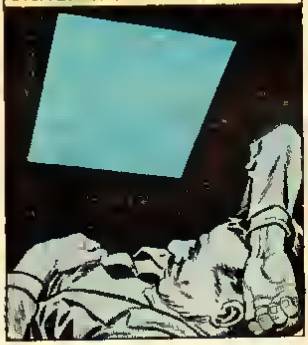
I... I'M *NOT* VERY *HUNGRY!* IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME I I THINK I'LL GO TO MY *ROOM!*

WELL... ALL RIGHT, GUY'NOR! MIND IF I TAKE YE'RE *STEAK?*

HARTLEY QUIMB HURRIED FROM THE MESS HALL AS FAST AS HIS WOBBLING LEGS WOULD CARRY HIM, AND CLIMBED THE RICKETY STAIRS TO HIS ROOM! ONCE INSIDE, HE BOLTED THE FLIMSY LOCK AND LEANED HEAVILY AGAINST THE DOOR...

THEY *HATE* ME! I COULD TELL! THEY WANT TO KILL *ME* TOO! THEY *HATE* ME!

HE THREW HIMSELF ONTO THE BED, GAZED TIREDLY THROUGH THE SKY-LIGHT AT THE SKY. THE RAIN HAD STOPPED... AND HE DOZED...

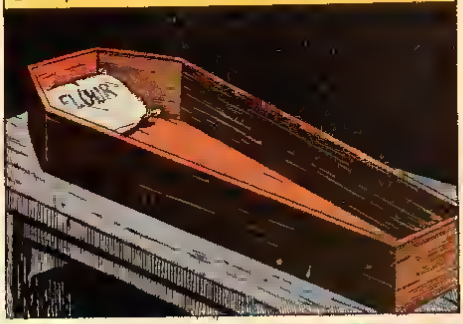


SUDDENLY HE WAS AWAKENED BY THE GRASPING OF MANY HANDS! HE FELT A CLOTH BEING ROUGHLY SHOVED INTO HIS MOUTH!

HIS EYES BUGGED OPEN AND BEHELD A SIGHT THAT FROZE HIS HEART BEAT! A DOZEN INMATES SURROUNDED HIS BED, FIENDISHLY TYING HIM WITH STOUT ROPES!

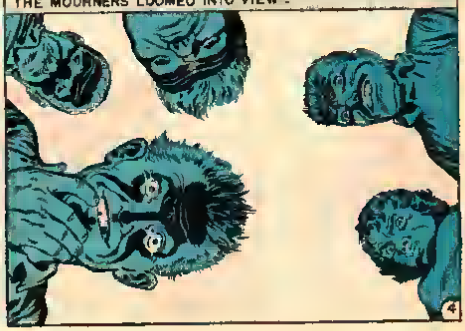
IN HORROR, HE FELT THEM LIFT HIM FROM THE BED AND CARRY HIM FROM THE BUILDING. QUIETLY THEY MOVED ACROSS THE COBBLESTONE COURTYARD, IN THE SHADOWS, PAST OTHER BUILDINGS...

THEY REACHED THEIR DESTINATION... THE *CARPENTRY SHOP!* AS HE WAS CARRIED INSIDE, HE SENSED A MULTITUDE OF PEOPLE AND HE CRANED HIS NECK THIS WAY AND THAT, THE BETTER TO SEE! IN THE DIM LIGHT, HIS EYES FELL UPON AN *OPEN COFFIN!*



A SOUND GURGLED IN HIS THROAT! HE TRIED TO SET FREE... HE SQUIRMED AND TWISTED BUT HE WAS LIFTED AND THEN PLACED IN THE COFFIN! HIS BODY GAVE AN INVOLUNTARY SHUDDER OF REVULSION AND TEARS ROLLED FREELY FROM HIS EYES...

HE HEARD THE SHUFFLING OF MANY FEET, THE WHISPER OF CLOTH RUSTLING AGAINST CLOTH, AND THE SOFT SOBS OF SORROW. *WAS THIS A GAME?* WHAT WERE THEY GOING TO *DO* TO HIM!? SUDDENLY, FROM ALL SIDES, THE MOURNERS LOOMED INTO VIEW...



IN HIS MIND'S EYE, VISIONS OF THE FUNERAL HE HAD WITNESSED ONLY A FEW HOURS BEFORE FLASHED BY! HE TREMBLED AT THE THOUGHT OF IT! THE COFFIN LID DESCENDED—

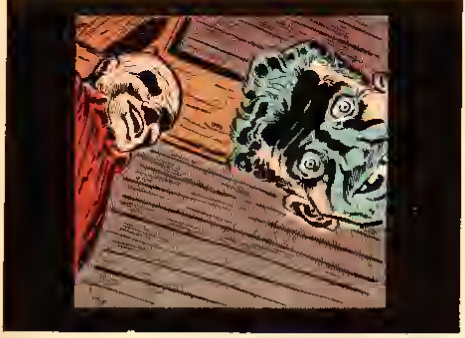
IN THE EBONY BLACKNESS, HE CRIED OUT SILENTLY IN TERROR! WOULD THEY LET HIM SUFFOCATE? HE LISTENED...AND HEARD WAILS OF PROTEST! *WHAT WAS WRONG?*

HE HEARD THE INMATES CONVERSING IN LOW TONES. THEN, SUDDENLY, THE LID WAS REMOVED! WERE THEY GOING TO FREE HIM?

SURELY THEY COULD ONLY BE *PLAYING A GAME!* THERE WAS AN EXPECTANT QUIET, BROKEN ONLY BY THE SOUND OF SAWING WOOD! A FACE SUDDENLY LEERED INTO THE COFFIN AND JUST AS SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED! AND THEN THE COFFIN-LID WAS OVERHEAD! *THEY WERE PUTTING IT BACK ON!*

THE OOOHS AND AAAHHS THAT FOLLOWED WERE ALL APPRECIATIVE! AND NO WONDER! THE LID NOW HAD A *WINDOW* THROUGH WHICH HE COULD RECEIVE AIR! OR WAS IT PUT THERE SO THE INMATES COULD *SEE* HIM BETTER? HE DIDN'T KNOW!

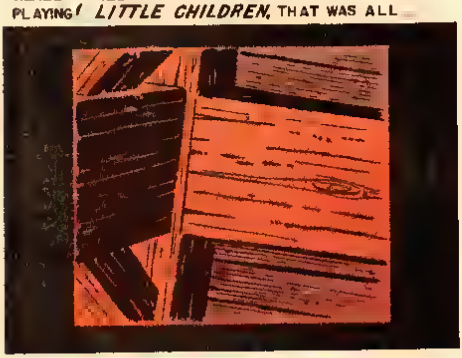
FACES APPEARED FROM ALL ANGLES! HAPPY FACES, SAD FACES, CURIOUS FACES, WORRIED FACES! DIFFERENT FACES, DIFFERENT EXPRESSIONS...YET EACH ONE THE SAME AS ALL THE OTHERS!



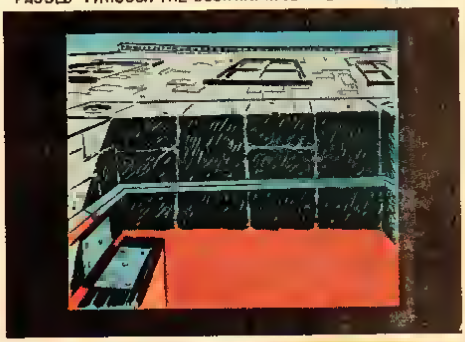
A HAND REACHED THROUGH THE OPENING AND FELT OF HIS CHEEK! HARTLEY DUMB CLOSED HIS EYES, BUT EVEN THEN HE HEARD THE PEOPLE BRUSHING AGAINST THE OUTSIDE OF THE COFFIN, SENSED THEIR HORRID HEADS FRAMED IN THE OPENING! A HAND PINCHED HIS NOSE!

HE HAD LOST ALL TRACK OF TIME. HE LAY THERE, MOTIONLESS, WHILE THE MOURNING INMATES SLOWLY FILED BY, PAYING THEIR 'LAST RESPECTS'. EACH TIME HE OPENED HIS EYES, A DIFFERENT FACE WAS PEERING INTO HIS! HE TRIED TO PRAY, BUT HE COULDN'T REMEMBER THE WORDS...

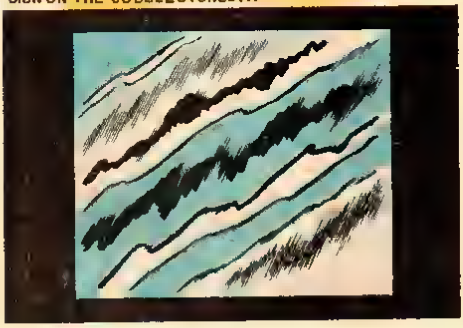
FINALLY HE FELT THE COFFIN BEING LIFTED! WOULD THEY RETURN HIM TO HIS ROOM NOW? THEY HADN'T REALLY TRIED TO *HURT* HIM.. THEY WERE MERELY PLAYING! *LITTLE CHILDREN*, THAT WAS ALL



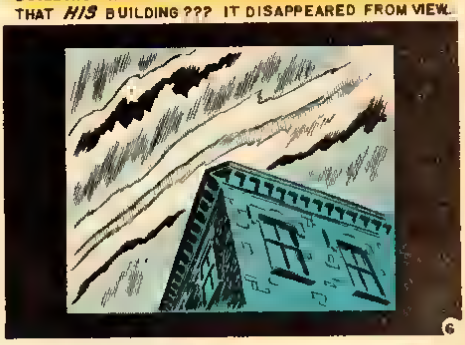
THE CEILING WAS MUCH CLOSER NOW. OBVIOUSLY, THE COFFIN WAS BEING CARRIED ON THEIR SHOULDERS! THE CEILING MOVED BY ABOVE HIM AND SOON HE WAS PASSED THROUGH THE DOORWAY INTO THE NIGHT.



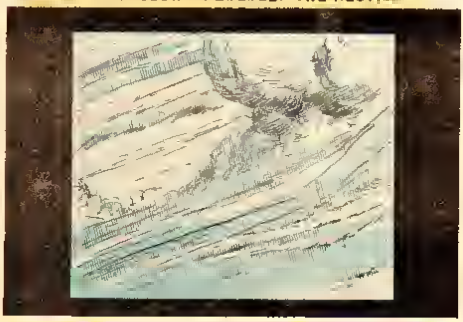
SAVE FOR A FEW CLOUDS, THE SKY WAS CLEAR. STARS TWINKLED BRIGHTLY, UNCONCERNED WITH THE EERIE PAGEANT THAT WAS TAKING PLACE BELOW THEM. HE LISTENED TO THE SHUFFLING STEPS OF THE PROCESSION ON THE COBBLESTONES...



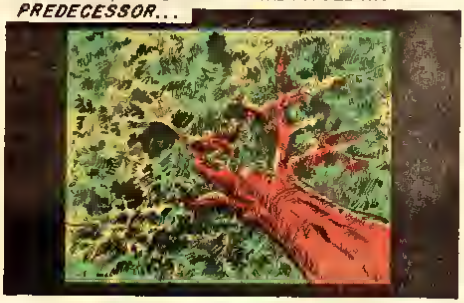
THEY WERE JUST LITTLE CHILDREN... JUST *PLAYING A GAME!* THEY WERE PROBABLY BRINGING HIM BACK TO HIS ROOM. HE SAW THE TOP OF A YARD BUILDING PASS SLOWLY BY ABOVE HIM. WASN'T THAT *HIS* BUILDING??? IT DISAPPEARED FROM VIEW.



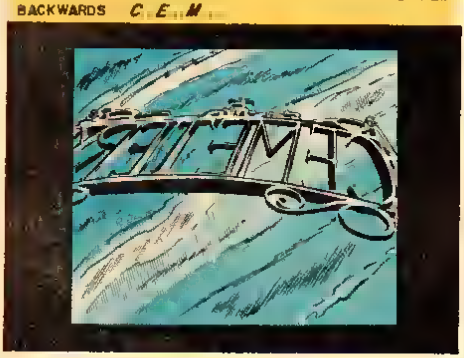
AGAIN THERE WAS NOTHING BUT THE STAR-FILLED SKY ABOVE HIM. THAT *COULDN'T* HAVE BEEN THE BUILDING WHERE HIS ROOM WAS! HE LOOKED AGAIN AT THE SKY. CLOUDS WERE FORMING! STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT— HE COULDN'T REMEMBER THE REST...



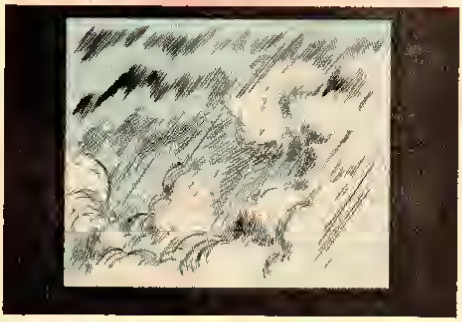
A TREE PASSED BY OVERHEAD, ITS LEAVES WHISPERING IN THE WIND, ITS BRANCHES WAVING GOOD-BYE AS IT PASSED FROM HIS SIGHT! *WHERE WERE THEY TAKING HIM?* HE HAD LOST ALL SENSE OF DIRECTION. THEY WERE JUST CHILDREN... LITTLE CHILDREN... JUST LITTLE CHILDREN *WHO HAD KILLED HIS PREDECESSOR...*



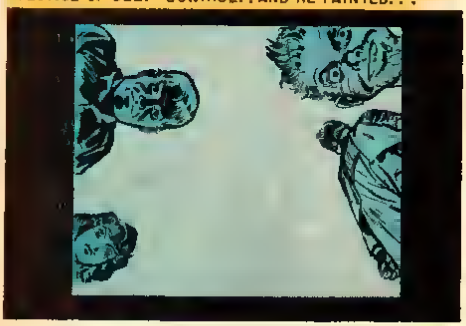
THEY PASSED BENEATH A WROUGHT-IRON ARCHWAY... A GATE! AGAINST THE DARKENING SKY, HE TRIED TO SPELL THE LETTERS HE SAW. HE HAD TO READ THEM BACKWARDS *C E M*



HARTLEY QUIMB'S HEART POUNDED TILL HE THOUGHT IT WOULD BURST THROUGH HIS CHEST! WERE THEY REALLY *SERIOUS?* HAD THEY FORGOTTEN HE WASN'T A *REAL* CORPSE? THEY WOULDN'T *BURY HIM ALIVE* WOULD THEY?



HE FELT HIMSELF BEING LOWERED TO THE GROUND. A MOMENT LATER HE HEARD THE UNMISTAKEABLE SOUND OF SHOVELS DIGGING INTO THE RAIN-SOAKED EARTH! THE REALIZATION UNDERMINED HIS LAST VESTIGE OF SELF-CONTROL.. AND HE FAINTED...

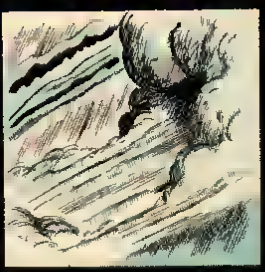


HARTLEY QUIMB OPENED HIS EYES AND SAT UP IN BED! DROPS OF RAIN FROM A LEAK IN THE SKYLIGHT HIT HIS FACE. HE UNTANGLED HIS LEGS FROM THE MASS OF TWISTED SHEETS, PULLED THE CHOKING BEDCLOTHES FROM HIS MOUTH AND HEAVED A SIGH...

HE WIPED THE PERSPIRATION FROM HIS HEAD AND GAVE FERVENT THANKS THAT IT HAD ONLY BEEN A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE! HE LAY BACK ON THE PILLOW... RELAXED...

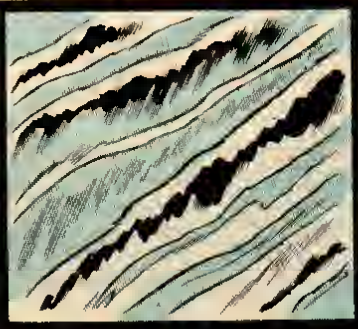
HARTLEY QUIMB SMILED SOFTLY, EVERY FIBER OF HIS BEING TINGLING WITH RELIEF. HE LOOKED UP THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT AT THE WINKING STARS, AND IMAGINED *THEM* TO BE RELIEVED FOR HIM, TOO.

HE RECITED THE POEM — STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT... AND THIS TIME HE *KNEW* ALL THE WORDS! HE CLOSED HIS EYES MOMENTARILY AND MADE A WISH...



...AND WHEN HE OPENED HIS EYES AGAIN *A FACE WAS GRINNING DOWN AT HIM*

STARTLED, HARTLEY QUIMB TRIED TO LEAP UP, BUT FOUND HE COULD NOT MOVE! HE TRIED TO YELL, TO SCREAM, BUT COULDN'T! THE FACE DISAPPEARED...



...*AND THEN A SHOVELFUL OF DIRT HIT HIM FLUSH IN THE FACE...*

THE END

TCH, TCH... AIN'T THAT A *DIRTY SHAME?* JUST IN CASE SOME OF YOU CHARACTERS ARE A WEE BIT CONFUSED, HERE'S THE LOW-DOWN! HARTLEY WAS *IN THE COFFIN ALL THE TIME!* HE ONLY *DREAMED* HE *WOKE UP* IN HIS *ROOM!* ACTUALLY, INMATES, WHEN HE *FAINTED* FOR A FEW MOMENTS, HE SUBCONSCIOUSLY *DREAMED* THAT... ER... WAIT A MINUTE! WHEN HE WAS IN... NO... ER... HE *DREAMED* HE WAS *AWAKE*, WHEN... NO, THAT'S NOT *OH, THE DEVIL WITH IT!*

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! SO *VACATION TIME* IS *OVER*—EH, KIDDIES? WELL, LET'S *REMINISCE!* I'LL TELL YOU A *VACATION YARN* THAT WILL *TICKLE YOUR CRAWLY SPINE*. WELCOME TO *THE CRYPT OF TERROR*. THIS IS YOUR *HOST* IN *HOWLS*, YOUR *CRYPT-KEEPER*, GUEST-SPOTTING IN V.K.'S *MORBID MUCK-MAG* WITH THE *YELP-YARN* I CALL...

WHILE THE CAT'S AWAY...

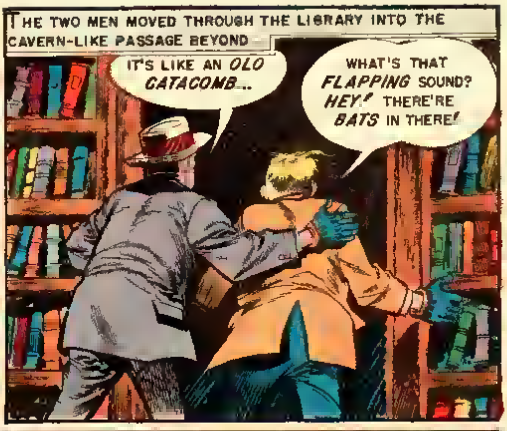
AS OPERATORS OF A TRAVEL BUREAU, IT WAS EASY FOR MR YOUNGER AND MR. WESTON TO EXTRACT THE NECESSARY INFORMATION FROM THEIR CUSTOMERS
AND NOW, IF YOU'LL ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS FOR OUR FILES, MISS CRUMM...
OF COURSE, MR. WESTON...
BERMUDA
NATURALLY, NONE OF THEIR CUSTOMERS EVER SUSPECTED THE REAL REASON FOR THE VERY PERSONAL QUESTIONS THEY WERE ASKED...
LET'S SEE... YOUR NAME IS MIRANDA CRUMM... YOU LIVE AT 250 BEECH STREET. ER... DO YOU LIVE ALONE, MRS CRUMM?
ALL ALONE, MR. WESTON.
AFTER THEY'D LEARNED EVERYTHING ABOUT THEIR PROSPECTIVE VACATIONER THAT THEY NEEDED, THEY WOULD PROCEED NORMALLY...
WE WILL HAVE YOUR STEAMSHIP TICKETS AND HOTEL RESERVATIONS FOR YOU BY TOMORROW, MISS CRUMM. THANK YOU FOR ALLOWING US TO SERVE YOU!
YOU HAVE BEEN MOST KIND, MR. YOUNGER.
...AND THE HAPPY CUSTOMER WOULD SOON BE OFF ON THE VACATION THAT THE Y & W AGENCY HAD HELPFULLY PLANNED FOR HER. BUT A NIGHT OR TWO LATER...
THIS IS IT! 250 BEECH...
PARK HALFWAY DOWN THE BLOCK. WE DON'T WANT TO ATTRACT ATTENTION.
YES, KIDDIES. ARMED WITH THE FACT THAT MIRANDA CRUMM WAS SOMEWHERE ON THE HIGH SEAS, BOUND FOR BERMUDA ...THAT IF SHE COULD AFFORD SUCH A VACATION, SHE WAS OBVIOUSLY WELL-TO-DO ... AND THAT, SINCE SHE LIVED ALONE, HER HOUSE WAS NOW EMPTY, JOHN YOUNGER AND FRANK WESTON LET THEMSELVES IN...
HOW YOU COMIN'?
HAVE IT OPEN IN A JIFFY.
...AND, UNDISTURBED, THEY RELIEVED THEIR TRAVELING CUSTOMER'S HOUSE OF ITS VALUABLES...
GET A LOAD OF THIS MINK! WE'LL GET TWO GRAND FOR THIS, AT LEAST...
THIS COLLECTION OF SILVER IS WORTH A FORTUNE...
OF COURSE, POOR MISS CRUMM, WHEN SHE RETURNED FROM HER SOJURN, QUICKLY LOST HER ACQUIRED SUNTAN WHEN SHE SAW THAT HER HOUSE HAD BEEN RANSACKED...
EEEEEEEEEEEEK...K...K!
2

HEH, HEH! NICE LITTLE RACKET, EH, FIENDS? WHAT BETTER WAY COULD THERE BE OF FINDING A PROSPECTIVE HOUSE TO ROB THAN BY LEARNING THAT THE RICH OCCUPANTS WERE GOING AWAY ON A VACATION? AND WHAT BETTER WAY OF LEARNING IT THAN BY ARRANGING THE WHOLE TRIP YOURSELF? SO NOW YOU KNOW FRANKIE AND JOHNNY'S LITTLE RACKET. NOW READ ON AND SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM..
ONE DAY, JOHN YOUNGER GOT A STRANGE PHONE CALL..
IS THIS THE Y & W TRAVEL AGENCY?
THAT'S RIGHT. THIS IS MR. YOUNGER SPEAKING.
I'D LIKE YOU TO ARRANGE A TWO WEEK VACATION FOR ME, MR. YOUNGER. I'VE BEEN WORKING VERY HARD LATELY, AND—
DO YOU HAVE ANY PARTICULAR PLACE IN MIND, SIR?
I'M THINKING OF FLYING TO EQUADOR. DO YOU THINK YOU COULD GET ME PLANE RESERVATIONS... SAY.. FOR THE TWENTIETH?
OF COURSE, SIR! IN WHOSE NAME SHOULD I MAKE THE RESERVATIONS?
ER...MY NAME IS T. CHARLES KINGMAN!
AND WHERE DO YOU LIVE, MR. KINGMAN?
I LIVE AT 711 WOODS ROAD..
711. WOODS...ROAD. FINE. AND NOW, IF YOU'LL ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS, MR. KINGMAN— FOR OUR FILES.
DO YOU LIVE ALONE, MR. KINGMAN?
THERE IS NO ONE LIVING IN MY PLACE WITH ME, MR. YOUNGER, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN..
ALL RIGHT, MR. KINGMAN. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING. ER.. WILL YOU PICK UP YOUR RESERVATIONS HERE?
NO, MR. YOUNGER. YOU'D BETTER MAIL THEM TO ME. JUST TELL ME HOW MUCH THEY'LL BE AND I'LL SEND YOU THE MONEY..

AFTER MR. YOUNGER HAD COMPLETED THE ARRANGEMENTS WITH MR. KINGMAN, HE HUNG UP AND TURNED TO HIS PARTNER
711 WOODS ROAD! THAT'S OUT IN THE SUBURBS, ISN'T IT, FRANK?
YEAH! BIG ESTATES OUT THERE! WHY?
WHAT LUCK! SOME OLD GUY JUST CALLED.. WANTS US TO ARRANGE FOR A PLANE TRIP TO EQUADOR FOR HIM. HE MUST BE LOADED! AND HE SAID THERE WAS NO ONE LIVING WITH HIM, TOO!
ANOTHER SUCKER! GREAT! LET'S GET BUSY AND GET THOSE RESERVATIONS. AFTER HE'S GONE, WE'LL GO OUT TO HIS PLACE AND CLEAN IT OUT...
ENGLAND
THE TICKETS WERE OBTAINED AND MAILED OUT TO MR. KINGMAN. THEN, ON THE TWENTIETH, MR. YOUNGER CALLED THE AIRLINE...
THIS IS THE Y&W TRAVEL AGENCY. WE JUST WANT TO CHECK, OI OA MR T. CHARLES KINGMAN TAKE OFF ON FLIGHT 12 TO EQUADOR!
JUST A MOMENT. I'LL SEE. YES! MR. KINGMAN WAS ABOARD...
HE HUNG UP, GRINNING...
HE'S GONE! THE COAST IS CLEAR.
WE'LL TAKE THE STATION WAGON TONIGHT, FRANK. THIS PROMISES TO BE A BIG HAUL.
THAT NIGHT, YOUNGER AND WESTON DROVE OUT INTO THE COUNTRY...
WOODS ROAD! THIS IS IT! TURN IN...
SURE IS LONELY OUT HERE AT NIGHT...
WOODS ROAD
THEIR STATION WAGON BOUNCED AND WEAVED DOWN A DISMAL TREE-LINED ROTTED ROAD.
SOME ESTATE!
TAKE IT EASY! SOME OF THESE PLACES ARE A LITTLE RUN DOWN, BUT THE OLD FAMILY HEIR-LOOMS ARE PRICELESS! KEEP GOING!
FINALLY THE ROAD ENDED, AND THE STATION WAGON'S HEADLIGHTS FELL UPON AN OLD, TIME-WORN, PAINT-PEELED ROTTED MANSION...
THE GUY CONNED US. WHO WOULD LIVE IN THAT RAT-TRAP!
LET'S TAKE A LOOK... JUST TO MAKE SURE!

THEY STEPPED FROM THEIR STATION-WAGON AND CROSSED THE WILDLY OVERGROWN LAWN. FRANK'S FLASHLIGHT FELL UPON THE FADED SIGN...
WHAT'S IT SAY?
'BEWARE! TRESPASSERS WILL BE PERSECUTED' HAH! THAT'S A LAUGH!
THEY CLIMBED THE ROTTED STAIRS THAT CREAKED UNDER THEIR WEIGHT AND STOOD UPON THE COLUMNED PORCH BEFORE THE MASSIVE DECAYED DOOR...
HEY, FRANK! THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS! THERE'S NO ONE LIVING HERE! C'MON! LET'S GO...
HOLO IT! THE DOOR'S UNLOCKED.
THE OLD DOOR SQUEALED OPEN ON RUSTED HINGES...
NOT A STICK OF FURNITURE! NOTHING! NOTHING BUT A WILD GOOSE CHASE!
@!!#?!!
THE TWO MEN WENT FROM ROOM TO ROOM THROUGH THE ONCE PROUD MANSION, NOW DUST LADEN AND COBWEBBED WITH TIME...
DESERTED! NO ONE'S LIVED HERE FOR YEARS..
THIS DOOR LEADS TO THE CELLAR. WE'LL TAKE A LOOK, AND THEN LEAVE...
THEY DESCENDED THE WINDING STONE STEPS INTO THE DAMP CELLAR...
FRANK! WHAT'S THAT?
A METAL DOOR! PADLOCKED! AND THERE'S A SIGN ON IT...
THEY READ THE FRESHLY PAINTED SIGN...
HE...HE DOES LIVE HERE! LOOK!
GONE AWAY ON VACATION. WILL BE BACK IN TWO WEEKS.
WARNING
KEEP OUT
T.C.K.
T.C.K! T. CHARLES KINGMAN!
THE TWO MEN LOOKED AT EACH OTHER...
HE MUST BE ONE OF THOSE RICH OLD ECCENTRICS. I'LL BET HE'S GOT A FORTUNE HIDDEN IN THERE...
STAND BACK! I'M GOING TO SMASH THE LOCK...

THE DANK OLD CELLAR REVERBERATED WITH THE SOUND OF THE PADLOCK SPLITTING OPEN UNDER YOUNGER'S ANGRY ASSAULT. THE HUGE METAL DOOR SWUNG WIDE
LOOK!
SOME SORT OF LIBRARY - WITH OLD BOOKS AND OOOITIES...


THE TWO MEN MOVED THROUGH THE LIBRARY INTO THE CAVERN-LIKE PASSAGE BEYOND
IT'S LIKE AN OLD CATACOMB...
WHAT'S THAT FLAPPING SOUND? HEY! THERE'RE BATS IN THERE!

TUNNELS SNAKED OFF IN ALL DIRECTIONS. THE TWO MEN WANDERED DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE CATACOMBED MAZE
EACH ONE OF THESE TUNNELS ENDS IN A OOOR..
LOOK! THE DOOR'S OPENING!

AS THE DOOR AT THE END OF ONE OF THE TUNNELS SWUNG OPEN, YOUNGER AND WESTON SCREAMED...
ZOMBIES!
YAAAAAAHHHH!

THEY RAN WILDLY BACK THROUGH THE NETWORK OF TUNNELS...
WHICH WAY?
THIS WAY! NO! THIS WAY! OH, LORD! WE'RE LOST!

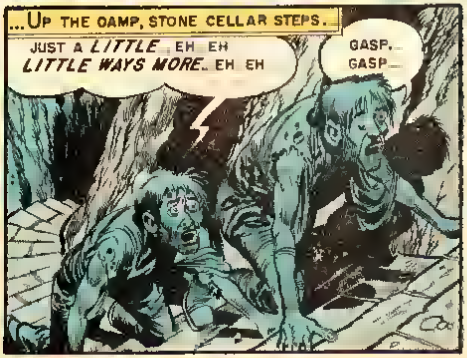
EVERY TIME THEY CAME TO A DEAD-END, A DOOR SWUNG WIDE...
VAMPIRES!
CHOKE...

HOURS PASSED AND YOUNGER AND WESTON REALIZED THAT THEY WERE HOPELESSLY LOST IN THE MAZE OF UNDERGROUND PASSAGEWAYS, HOUNDED BY THE THINGS THAT SPRUNG FROM EACH TUNNEL—END DOOR AS THEY CAME UPON IT...

DAYS PASSED. THE TWO MEN COWERED IN THE DARKNESS, TOO FRIGHTENED TO MOVE, WATCHING THE CREATURES PASS NEARBY, SEARCHING FOR THEM.

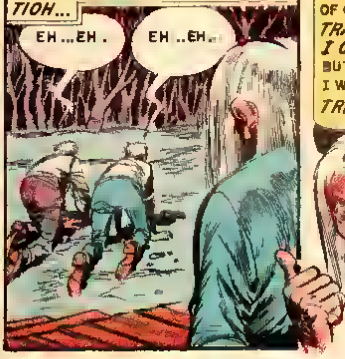
IT WAS ALMOST TWO WEEKS LATER.. TWO WEEKS OF SHEER HORROR, TRAPPED IN THE NETWORK OF TUNNELS, STAYING ALIVE BY CATCHING BATS AND EATING THEM RAW.. THAT JOHN YOUNGER AND FRANK WESTON CRAWLED INTO THE BOOK-LINED LIBRARY ONCE MORE..

...UP THE DAMP, STONE CELLAR STEPS.

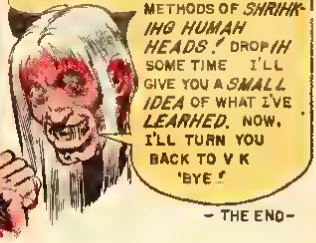


...AND OUT INTO THE COOL NIGHT AIR.. OUT ONTO THE PORCH..

...OUT INTO THE MOONLIGHT THAT GLISTENED ON THEIR FRIGHT-WHITENED HAIR, AND AS THEY CRAWLED PAST THE OLD MAH WITH THE VALISES IN HIS HAND, WHO'D JUST RETURNED FROM HIS VACATION...



...THEY NEVER EVEN LOOKED UP AT ME! SO, THERE THEY GO, AFTER SPENDING TWO WEEKS IN THE CRYPT OF TERROR! YEP! THAT WAS ME— THE CRYPT-KEEPER. T.C.K., USING AN ALIAS OF COURSE, WHO CALLED THE Y&W TRAVEL BUREAU! S'MATTER? I CAN'T GO ON A VACATION TOO? BUT, WHY EQUADOR, YOU ASK? WELL, I WENT DOWN TO VISIT THE JIVARO TRIBE, TO BRUSH UP ON THE LATEST METHODS OF SHRINKING HUMAN HEADS! DROP IN SOME TIME I'LL GIVE YOU A SMALL IDEA OF WHAT I'VE LEARNED. NOW, I'LL TURN YOU BACK TO V K 'BYE!



—THE END—

WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...

LOOK FOR THESE SEALS WHEN YOU BUY!

THEY ARE YOUR ASSURANCE OF TOP ENTERTAINMENT...FOUND ONLY ON THE FOLLOWING E.C. MAGAZINES:

TALES FROM THE CRYPT
HAUNT OF FEAR • VAULT OF HORROR
SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES
CRIME SUSPENSTORIES
TWO-FISTED TALES • FRONTLINE COMBAT
MAD
WEIRD SCIENCE • WEIRD FANTASY
AND THE 25¢ ANNUAL ANTHOLOGIES:
WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY
TWO-FISTED ANNUAL • TALES OF TERROR

SUDDEN DEATH!

He slipped the gun into his pocket; the metal felt hot against his thigh. Then Curt Benbow peered at the body sprawled at his feet. The cellar was almost pitch-dark; he could barely make out the outflung arms and the gaping chest wound darkening the shirt of the man he had just killed.

Benbow walked quickly across the uneven cement floor, to the axe he had hidden. He picked it up, hefted it for a moment, then strode back to the spot where the body lay. Glancing up, he located the cross-beams stretching darkly across the ceiling. An old-fashioned cellar like this was perfect for Benbow's scheme. He'd hack through those ancient beams until the ceiling started to sag, then make his getaway. In minutes the supports would crack . . . the ceiling would come crashing down upon the dead man, making it appear that the victim had been killed by the sudden collapse of the supporting beams.

With a crunching sound, the axe bit into the dry wood. Again and again the metal flashed. Benbow could see the rafters beginning to crack, the heavy plaster sagging perceptibly. Perspiring from exertion, Benbow stopped to catch his breath. A few more swings of the axe would do it. Spitting on his palms, to ease the sting of the blisters on his skin, Benbow started swinging again.

The cross-beam suddenly broke, with no warning. And before he could

dodge out of the way, Benbow felt himself being buried under the cascading weight. He went down, managed somehow to turn over on his back . . . then the great blackened beams came crashing over him.

When he came to, his face was covered with plaster-dust. He blinked and tried to move. With a gasp of horror, Benbow realized he had no feeling in his arms or legs. Several huge chunks of wood rested across his body, almost completely covering him. He moaned . . . the sudden collapse of the ceiling had pinned him here to the murky cellar floor, as incapable of motion as a paralyzed insect on a biologist's slide!

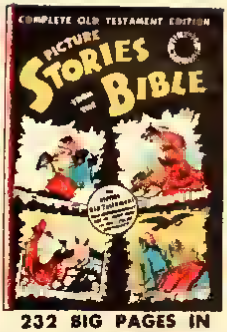
Benbow caught his breath. In the dark he saw eyes glittering at him. Ten eyes . . . maybe a dozen. And they were coming closer, scuttling across the floor. With a spasm of terror, Benbow realized the place was full of rats!

Now they were running over his immobilized feet, held there so motionless by the ponderous weight of the fallen beams. With a scream of agony that reverberated grotesquely through the old basement, Benbow felt a shattering explosion of pain . . . heard the ghoulish gnashing of teeth tearing at his exposed flesh. He tried to thrash about, to free himself from this hideous torture . . . but Benbow knew he was trapped. The rats were already chewing ravenously at his ankles, chomping at his meat and tearing it loose in great raw strips.

Benbow prayed for sudden death, hoping that his heart would stop beating before the savage rats completed their grisly task. Before they had completely ripped Benbow's feet from his body with their hideous razor-sharp fangs!

144 BIG PAGES IN FULL COLOR

Containing the complete story of the Life of Christ and Peter and Paul and the founding of the Early Christian Church Included are maps showing Palestine at the time of Jesus and chronological indexes of principal events and Scripture references to episodes illustrated



232 BIG PAGES IN FULL COLOR

Here under one cover, in full color continuity, re-edited and arranged in chronological order, are *all the stories of the Old Testament heroes* from the four issues of the magazine Printed in four colors throughout and bound with *brightly varnished heavy board covers*

No. 2 — Amazing Discoveries about Food & Health 15¢

No 2 — Europe's Struggle for Civilization 15¢

(Write for special school prices)

EDUCATIONAL COMICS, INC.
225 LAFAYETTE ST., NEW YORK 12, N. Y.

I enclose $_____ for _____ copies

COMPLETE OLD TESTAMENT 75¢ ☐
COMPLETE NEW TESTAMENT 60¢ ☐

PICTURE STORIES FROM SCIENCE (No 2) ☐
PICTURE STORIES FROM WORLD HIST (No 2) ☐
(15¢ for each copy)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Postal Zone_____ State_____

Please print plainly No C.O.D Do not send postage stamps

THE VAULT-KEEPER'S CORNER

JOIN THE E C FAN-ADDICT CLUB! There . I said it! O K? Now stop twisting my arm and lemme go on with my column!

Greetings, ghouls Here, to start the brawl rolling, are the latest additions to our HORROR HIT PARADE

HACK UP YOUR BROTHERS IN YOUR OLD KIT BAG
COME JOSEPHINE, TRY MY NEW GUILLOTINE
SQUIRMIN' THROUGH THE VERMIN
DON T MAIM ME
I'M GONNA WASH THAT BLOOD RIGHT OUTTA MY LAIR
THEY VE GOT AN AWFUL LOT OF COFFINS IN BRAZIL
BUTCHER ME
COMIN THROUGH THE LYE
THE SCAR-MANGLED ANNA
I LOATHE YOU AS I NEVER LOATHED BEFORE
WILD HEARSES
SEVEN LONELY GRAVES

The above terror tune titles were submitted by Eddie Turner at Baldwin City, Kansas Joe Mulkey II of Detroit, Mich , Michael Page of Springvale, Maine, and Ronnie Bourgeois and Albery Carey of New Orleans, La

Anthony Piazza of Monterey, Calif suggests the following VAMPIRE VOCALISTS

BURY COMO
THE CHILLS BROS
FRANKIE PAIN
BONEY BENNETT
NAT 'KING GHOUL
VIC THE MOAN

Our PUTRID PROVERBS department inspired the following one-track-mind gems

A ROLLING HEAD GATHERS NO MOTHS
Milo Thompson
Great Falls, Mont

A ROLLING GHOUL GATHERS NO VAMPIRES
Tim Smith
Houston, Texas

A WALKING CORPSE GATHERS NO MAGGOTS
Michael Reynolds
Somerset Pa

And now for some poems by y-y-Y-Y-E-E-O-O U-U-W! THE THIRD ANNUAL TALES OF TERROR E.C s HORROR ANTHOLOGY . 128 PAGES OF CHILLS REPRINTS FROM 1952 . STILL AVAILABLE 25c YOUR NAME YOUR ADDRESS NOW LEGGO, AWREADY!

Er, as I was saying, some PERVERTED POETRY

I Want a Ghoul
Just Like the Ghoul
That Buried Dear Old Dad
She Was a Fool
And the Only Ghoul
That Daddy Ever Had
A Real Old-fashioned Ghoul
With Long Sharp Claws,
Had a Scalp
But She Was After Paw's
I Want a Ghoul
Just Like the Ghoul
That Buried Dear Old Dad

Nelson Bridwell
Oklahoma City, Okla

We've had friends
Who are no more
They lie beneath
Our cellar floor
We keep our friends
As you can see
We share their bones
With company
We dig them up
And on a slab
Share the best friends
We ever had

Bonnie Lee Warner
Brooklyn N Y

One bright day in the middle of the night
Two dead boys got up to fight
Back to back, they faced each other
Pulled out knives and shot each other
A deaf policeman heard the noise
And came and killed those two dead boys!

Michael Grage
Buffalo N Y

A little boy that was so cruel
Didn't know his father was a ghoul
His mother, a vampire
His sisters, mummies
His brother, a werewolf, who ate raw tummies

Tony Cohen
Paterson, N J

Oh give me a grave
Where the ghosts, they all rave
Where the ghouls and the werewolves all play
Where there's a horrible reek
And a discouraging shriek
And the shrouds are happy all day

Larry and Ricky Lobl
Washington, D C

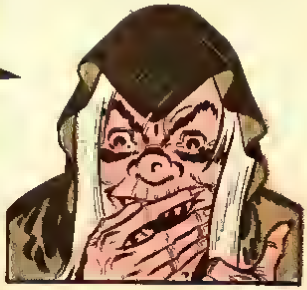
And now, in closin g-g-h a-A-A-A-GH! JOIN THE E C FAN-ADDICT CLUB! (*Not that one, stupid!—ed*) THE THIRD ANNUAL TALES OF TERROR (*Not that one, stupid!—ed*) SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE AVAILABLE (*That one stupid!—ed*) SO RELEASE YOUR HOLD FROM MY JUGULAR VEIN AND I'LL TELL THEM TO THIS OR ANY OTHER E C MAG 75c FOR SIX ISSUES THE ADDRESS FOR SUBS OR TALES OF TERROR ORDERS AS WELL AS FAN MAIL, IS

The Vault-Keeper
Room 706, Dept 34
225 Lafayette Street
N Y.C. 12, N Y.

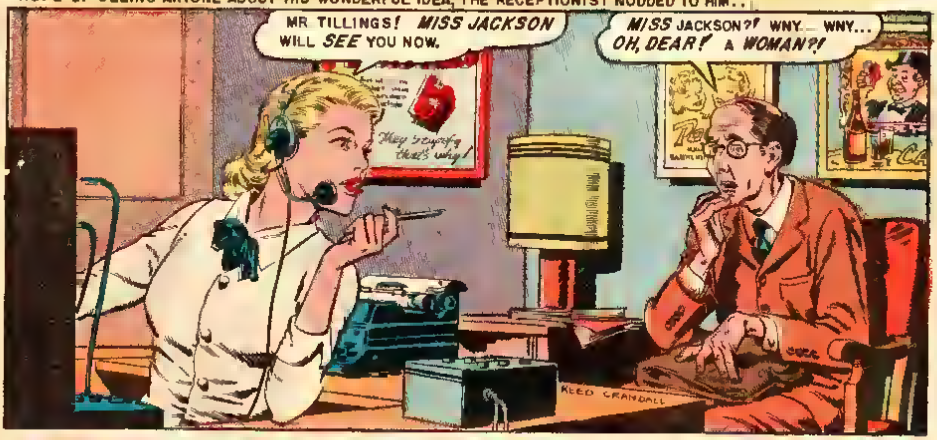
(TO JOIN THE E C FAN-ADDICT CLUB? SEE THE INSIDE FONT COVER!)

HERE'S A WARMING LITTLE TERROR-TALE. I CALL IT...

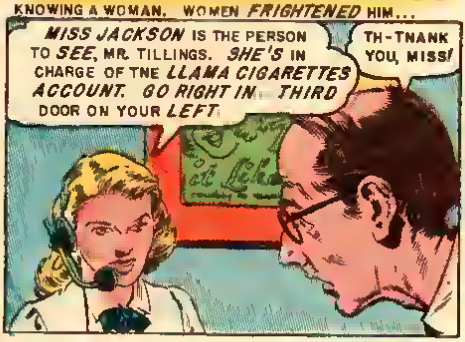
SMOKE WRINGS



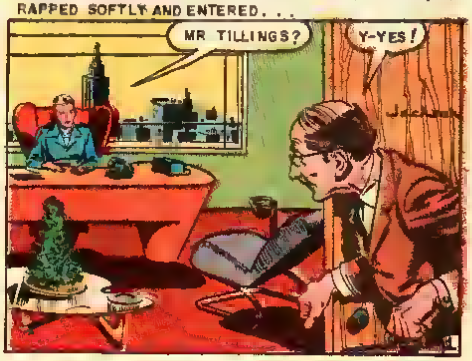
HUBERT TILLINGS, A SMALL MIDDLE-AGED BESPECTACLED MAN, SLIGHTLY BALDING, HAD WAITED UNEASILY IN THE RECEPTION ROOM OF THE B.V.D.B.O. ADVERTISING AGENCY, CRADLING HIS SNABBY BRIEFCASE ON HIS LAP. FOR THREE LONG HOURS HE'D LOOKED UP EACH TIME THE RECEPTIONIST'S SWITCHBOARD HAD BUZZED, ONLY TO SEE HER SMILE AND SHAKE NER HEAD. FINALLY, TOWARD CLOSING TIME, WHEN HUBERT HAD JUST ABOUT GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF SEEING ANYONE ABOUT HIS WONDERFUL IDEA, THE RECEPTIONIST NODDED TO HIM..



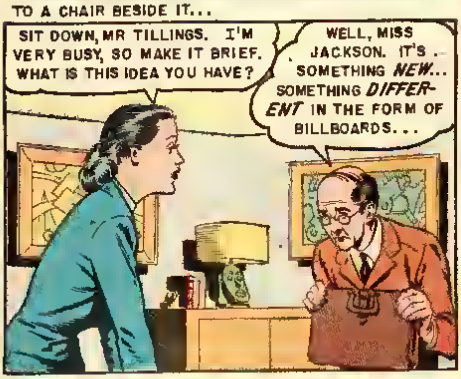
HUBERT TILLINGS WAS THE SHY, RETIRING, SELF-CONSCIOUS TYPE. HIS SLIGHT BUILD AND RELATIVELY UNATTRACTIVE FEATURES, TOGETHER WITH THIS SHYNESS, HAD FORCED HIM TO GO THROUGH LIFE WITHOUT EVER KNOWING A WOMAN. WOMEN *FRIGHTENED* HIM...



MR. TILLINGS MOVED SLOWLY DOWN THE HALL TO THE THIRD DOOR ON THE LEFT. GRIPPING HIS BRIEFCASE UNTIL THE KNUCKLES ON HIS HANDS TURNED WHITE, HE RAPPED SOFTLY AND ENTERED...



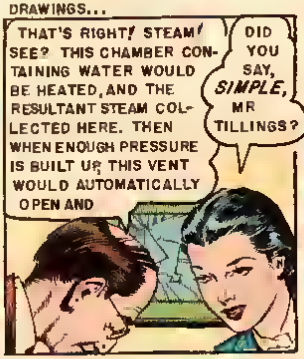
LORNA JACKSON WAS THE TYPICAL CAREER WOMAN TYPE... SMARTLY DRESSED... COLDLY ATTRACTIVE... BRISK AND BUSINESSLIKE. SHE STOOD BEHIND A METICULOUSLY NEAT DESK... MOTIONED MR. TILLINGS TO A CHAIR BESIDE IT...

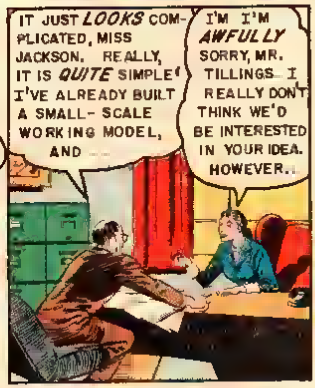


LORNA STUDIED MR. TILLINGS AS HE STAMMERED THROUGH THE SPEECH HE'D CAREFULLY REHEARSED. LORNA DISPISED MEN. THEY HAD ALL THE OPPORTUNITIES... ALL THE HIGH POSITIONS MEN STOOD IN HER WAY...

MR. TILLINGS OPENED HIS BRIEFCASE AND SPREAD OUT A SHEAF OF SKETCHES ON MISS JACKSON'S DESK...

HUBERT POINTED TO HIS CRUDE DRAWINGS...

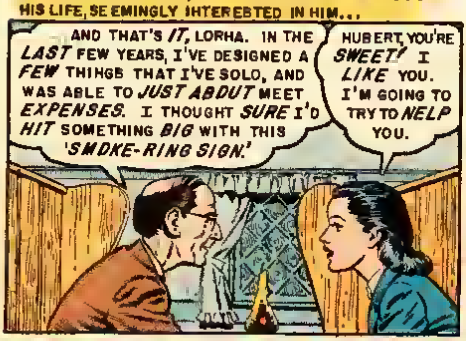




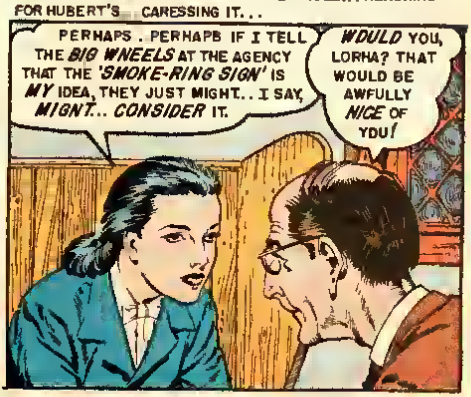
MISS JACKSON CAME AROUND FROM BEHIND HER DESK. SHE SMILED WARMLY, BENDING OVER BEFUDDLED MR. TILLINGS SO THAT HER HEAVY PERFUME BLANKETED HIM.

SHE RAN HER HAND SLOWLY OVER HIS BALDING HEAD, CATCHING HIS SPARSE HAIR BETWEEN HER FINGERS. HER BREATH WAS WARM ON HIS FLUSHED CHEEK.

LORNA AND HUBERT HAD DINNER IH A ROMANTIC LITTLE RESTAURANT JUST DOWN THE BLOCK FROM THE B.V.D.&O'S OFFICES. ALL DURIHG THE MEAL, SHE CHATTED WITH HIM GAYLY, SUGGESTIVELY, ASKING HIM QUESTIONS ABOUT HIS LIFE, SEEMINGLY IHTEREBTED IN HIM...

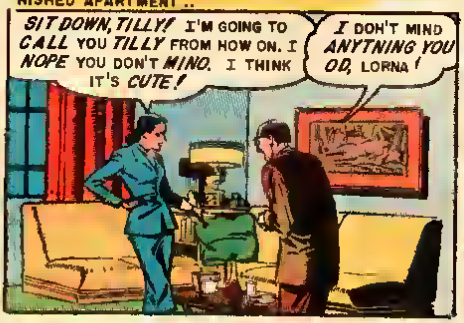


LORNA'S HAND BTOLE ACROSS THE TABLE... REACHING FOR HUBERT'S CARESSING IT...

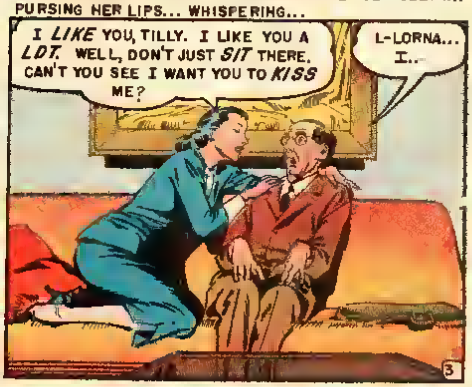


BETWEEN THE RESTAURANT CHECK AND THE TAXI FARE, HUBERT HAD ABOUT CLEANED HIMSELF OUT. HOW, HE STOOD BESIDE LORHA, GRIPPIHG HIS BRIEFCASE, AS SHE OPENED HER APARTMENT OOOR...

HUBERT HESITATED. HE FELT HIS HEART BEAT FASTER. HIB BLOOD RUSH TO HIS CHEEKS WAS HE *DREAMING?* WAS ALL THIS *REAL? NE? HUBERT TILLINGS?* HE SLIPPED PAST LAURA INTO HER LUXURIOUSLY FURHISHED APARTMENT ..



LORNA KNELT ON THE HUGE SECTIOHAL BESIDE HUBERT... PURSING HER LIPS... WHISPERING...



IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, LORNA SAW A GREAT DEAL OF HUBERT. SHE ALSO SAW A GREAT DEAL OF THE BIG-WHEELS IN THE AGENCY...
THIS IS A FABULOUS SCHEME, MISS JACKSON. FABULOUS. THIS MEANS A RAISE AND A PROMOTION FOR YOU... PLUS A NICE BONUS.
THANKS, B.B.!
ON HER DATES WITH HUBERT, LORNA KEPT HIM POSTED ON WHAT WAS HAPPENING WITH HIS IDEA...
NOTHING YET, TILLY. BUT I'M WORKING ON IT!
THAT'S SWEET OF YOU, LORNA!
DURING THE DAY, LORNA WOULD VISIT THE CONSTRUCTION SITE...
THE SIGN WILL COVER THE FACE OF THAT BUILDING, REACHING FOUR STORIES HIGH. THE STEAM MECHANISM WILL BE HOUSED IN TWO FLOORS OF FIREPROOFED OFFICES BEHIND THE SIGN...
VERY GOOD, B.O.!
AND AT NIGHT, THE DESTRUCTION SITE...
LORNA, THEY'RE BUILDING A BIG SIGN OVER ON TIMES SQUARE. THAT ISN'T OUR 'SMOKE-RING SIGN,' IS IT?
I WANTED TO SURPRISE YOU. NOW YOU'VE SPOILED IT.
YOU SOLO THEM ON THE IDEA!
UH--HUH!
HOW MUCH DO WE GET FOR IT, LORNA?
NOTHING, YET, DEAR. THEY WANT TO WAIT UNTIL IT'S READY TO OPERATE...
THEN, ONE DAY, HUBERT WOKE UP TO READ IN HIS MORNING PAPER
"LLAMA CIGARETTES TO UNVEIL HUGE NEW ADVERTISING INNOVATION ON TIMES SQUARE TONIGHT AT 10 PM!" WHY IT'S FINISHED MY SMOKE-RING SIGN
HASTILY HE PHONED LORNA...
I MEANT TO TELL YOU LAST NIGHT, DEAR, BUT IT SLIPPED MY MIND. MEET ME TONIGHT AT NINE BENEATH THE SIGN I HAVE GOOD NEWS...
ALL RIGHT, LORNA
THAT NIGHT, AT NINE SHARP, HUBERT WAITED BELOW THE DRAPED SIGN THAT LOOMED FOUR STORIES HIGH OVER TIMES SQUARE...
4

LORNA CAME AT ALMOST NINE-THIRTY. SHE TOOK HIS HAND AND LED HIM INTO THE DESERTED OFFICE BUILDING...

I'M SORRY I'M LATE, TILLY. THE AGENCY'S IN AN *UPROAR* OVER THE OPENING. COME ON. I WANT TO SHOW YOU HOW WE WORKED OUT THE SIGN...

LAURA. WHAT ABOUT THE *MONEY*...

THEY WENT UP THE BACK STAIRS...

I'LL TELL YOU *ALL* ABOUT IT, TILLY. FIRST, I WANT TO SHOW YOU THE STEAM MANUFACTURING UNIT.

I'M NOT *INTERESTED* IN THAT, LORNA. I WANT TO KNOW..

LORNA UNLOCKED THE FIRE-PROOFED DOOR TO THE DOUBLE-FLOORED OFFICE BEHIND THE SIGN...

SEE, TILLY? JUST AS YOU DESIGNED IT. THERE'S THE STEAM CHAMBER DOWN THERE. THE WATER'S BOILING IN IT *NOW*... ALL READY FOR THE UNVEILING!

WHAT ABOUT THE *MONEY*, LORNA? HOW MUCH ARE THEY *PAYING* ME...

LORNA PRESSED A SWITCH. THE HUGE STEEL LID OF THE STEAM-KETTLE-LIKE CHAMBER SWUNG OPEN BELOW THEM

THE *MONEY*, TILLY? WHY *YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANY!* THE WHEELS AT THE *AGENCY* THINK THIS IS *MY* IDEA... AND *I'VE* BEEN *WELL TAKEN CARE OF ALREADY!*

WHAT!? BUT *YOU* SAID—

LORNA MOVED TOWARD HUBERT, HER EYES BLAZING.

WHY DO YOU THINK I *DATED* YOU EVERY NIGHT, YOU *SUCKER?* TO KEEP YOU FROM *NOSING AROUND* DOWN AT THE *AGENCY*, SHOOTING OFF YOUR *MOUTH*...

LORNA...I...

THIS IS *MY* SHOW, LITTLE MAN, AND I'M NOT GOING TO SHARE IT WITH *ANYONE*. TONIGHT, AFTER THE UNVEILING, THEY'RE GOING TO FIND YOUR *WELL-COOKED BODY* DOWN THERE.

NO, LORNA! NO!

LORNA PUSHED. HUBERT TILLING FLAILED, THEN PLUNGED DOWNWARD, INTO THE OPEN STEAM CHAMBER FILLED WITH BUBBLING, SCALDING WATER.

YAAAAAAAHHHH!

LORNA STARED DOWN AT THE GURGLING, STEAMING, LIQUID-FILLED TANK...

AND THEY'LL WONDER HOW YOU *GOT* INTO THE TANK. THEY'LL THINK YOU WERE A *PUBLICITY MAD MANIAC*...WHO *COMMITTED SUICIDE*...

LORNA PRESSED THE SWITCH. THE LID SWUNG SHUT...

THEY'RE *WAITING* FOR ME, TILLY! THIS IS *MY SHOW!*

SHE SLIPPED OUT OF THE OFFICE AND DOWN THE BACK STAIRS INTO THE JAM-PACKED SQUARE...

AND HERE SHE *COMES*, FOLKS. THE GAL *RESPONSIBLE* FOR THIS WONDERFUL DISPLAY.. *LORNA JACKSON*...

LORNA STOOD ALONE UPON THE SPEAKER'S PLATFORM, ACKNOWLEDGING THE CROWD'S WILD CHEERING. THE DRAPES COVERING THE SIGN FELL AWAY, REVEALING A MAN'S HEAD...LIPS PURSED...IN ONE HAND, A PACK OF OF LLAMAS.. IN THE OTHER, A LIT CIGARETTE JUST COMING OUT OF HIS MOUTH...

OKAY, LORNA. IT'S *ALL YOURS*.

LLAMAS

The cigarette of costlier Tobaccos!

LORNA PRESSED THE REMOTE CONTROL SWITCH THAT ACTIVATED THE STEAM MECHANISM. THE PRESSURE BUILT UP. THE VENT OPENED... AND...

LOOK! WOW! A SMOKE-RING!

LLAMAS

The cigarette of costlier Tobaccos!

ONE AFTER ANOTHER, *LIVE-STEAM SMOKE-RINGS* POPPED FROM THE PURSED LIPS OF THE MAN PAINTED ON THE HUGE SIGN. AND THEN, STRANGELY, THE SMOKE-RINGS SHOOTING OUT OVER THE CROWD SPIRALED *DOWNWARD, RINGING LORNA* WITH THEIR *SEARING HEAT...BLISTERING...BURNING...STEWING HER ALIVE*...

EEEOWWWW

GOOD LORD!

CHOKE!

HEH, HEH! THAT'S A *HOT ONE*, EH, KIDDIES? JUST *SHOWS* TO *GO* YOU.. A *COLD POTATO* USUALLY ENDS UP *BAKED*. BY THE TIME THEY SHUT *OFF* THE CRAZY BILLBOARD AND *GOT TO* LORNA, *FOURTEEN LIVE-STEAM SMOKE-RINGS* HAD DROPPED DOWN OVER HER, LIKE A *CHILD'S RING-TOSS, COOKING HER* TO A *LOBSTER RED BLOB* OF *BLISTERED FLESH*. MMMM. WHICH *REMINDS* ME. *I'M HUNGRY!* HOW ABOUT *YOU?* WELL, THE *OLD WITCH* IS WAITING TO FEED YOU A *TASTY TALE* OF *TERROR* FROM HER *GRUDDY CAULDRON*... SO... 'BYE, NOW!

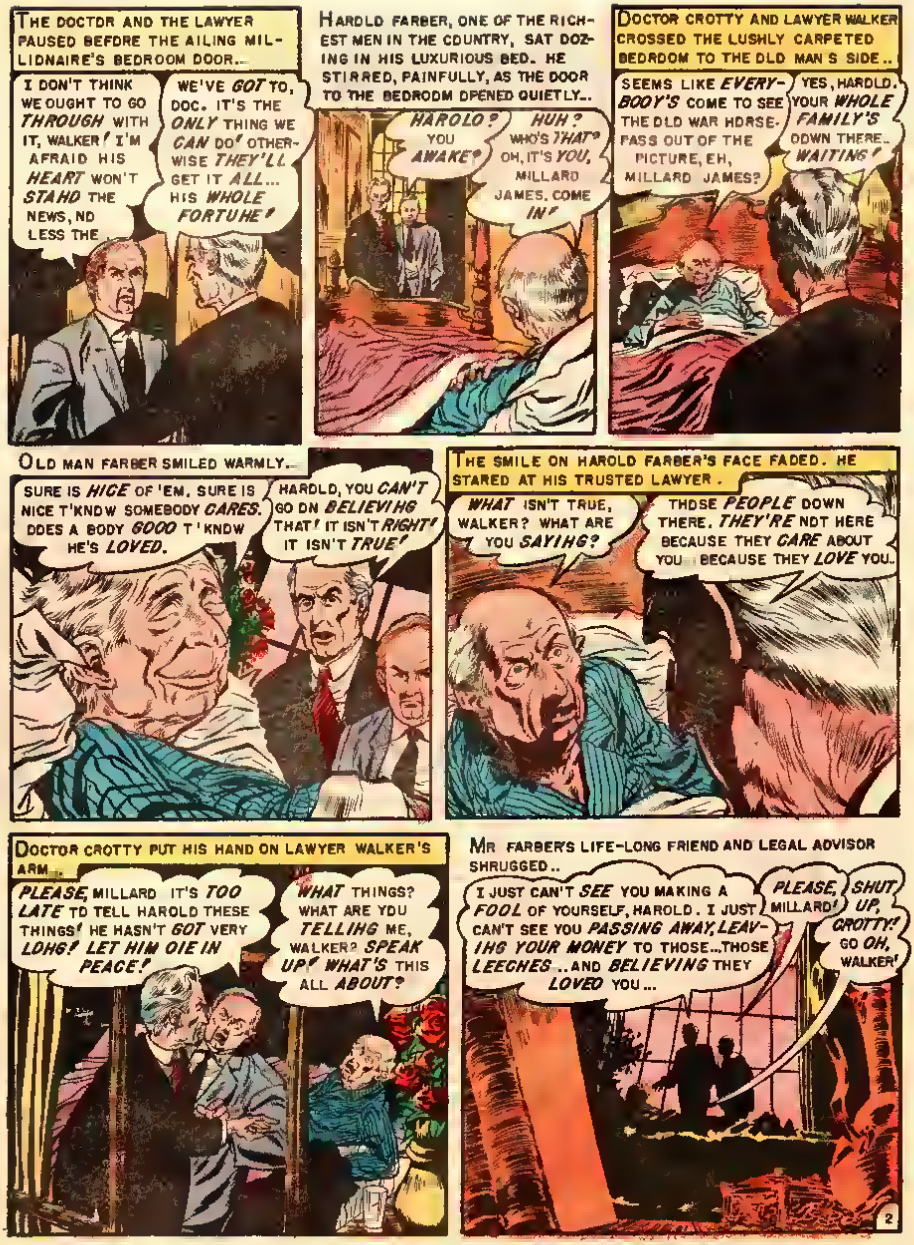
THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! AND NOW THAT THE *CREEP* FROM THE *CRYPT* AND THE *VACUUM* FROM THE *VAULT* HAVE ENTERTAINED YOU, IT'S TIME FOR *ME* TO *WIND UP V.K.'S PEW-PERIODICAL* WITH *ANOTHER DELICIOUS DISH OF DELIRIUM* COOKED UP IN MY *CRUDDY CAULDRON*, BASED ON A *FAVORITE REEKING RECIPE* OF MINE. YES, *HORROR-HUNGRY HIDIOTS*, IT'S YOUR *HOSTESS* OF *THE HAUNT OF FEAR*, *THE OLD WITCH*, READY TO FEED YOU THE *FOUL FARE* I CALL...

WHERE THERE'S A WILL...

DOCTOR JAMES CROTTY AND LAWYER MILLARD WALKER STOOD IN THE MARBLE FOYER OF THE FARBER MANSION AND SURVEYED THE CROWDED LIVING ROOM...

DOCTOR CROTTY AND LAWYER WALKER TURNED FROM THE LIVING ROOM PACKED WITH RICH OLD HAROLD FARBER'S RELATIVES, AND CLIMBED THE LONG WINDING CARPETED STAIRCASE...


THE DOCTOR AND THE LAWYER PAUSED BEFORE THE AILING MILLIONAIRE'S BEDROOM DOOR...
I DON'T THINK WE OUGHT TO GO THROUGH WITH IT, WALKER! I'M AFRAID HIS HEART WON'T STAHD THE NEWS, ND LESS THE
WE'VE GOT TO, DOC. IT'S THE ONLY THING WE CAN DO! OTHERWISE THEY'LL GET IT ALL... HIS WHOLE FORTUHE!
HAROLD FARBER, ONE OF THE RICHEST MEN IN THE COUNTRY, SAT DOZING IN HIS LUXURIOUS BED. HE STIRRED, PAINFULLY, AS THE DOOR TO THE BEDROOM OPENED QUIETLY..
HAROLD? YOU AWAKE?
HUH? WHO'S THAT? OH, IT'S YOU, MILLARD JAMES. COME IN!
DOCTOR CROTTY AND LAWYER WALKER CROSSED THE LUSHLY CARPETED BEDROOM TO THE OLD MAN'S SIDE..
SEEMS LIKE EVERYBOOY'S COME TO SEE THE OLD WAR HORSE- PASS OUT OF THE PICTURE, EH, MILLARD JAMES?
YES, HAROLD, YOUR WHOLE FAMILY'S ODWN THERE.. WAITING!
OLD MAN FARBER SMILED WARMLY...
SURE IS HICE OF 'EM. SURE IS NICE T'KNOW SOMEBODY CARES. DOES A BODY GOOO T'KNOW HE'S LOVED.
HAROLD, YOU CAN'T GO ON BELIEVIHG THAT! IT ISN'T RIGHT! IT ISN'T TRUE!
THE SMILE ON HAROLD FARBER'S FACE FADED. HE STARED AT HIS TRUSTED LAWYER.
WHAT ISN'T TRUE, WALKER? WHAT ARE YOU SAYIHG?
THOSE PEOPLE DOWN THERE. THEY'RE NOT HERE BECAUSE THEY CARE ABOUT YOU... BECAUSE THEY LOVE YOU..
DOCTOR CROTTY PUT HIS HAND ON LAWYER WALKER'S ARM...
PLEASE, MILLARD IT'S TOO LATE TO TELL HAROLD THESE THINGS! HE HASN'T GOT VERY LOHG! LET HIM OIE IN PEACE!
WHAT THINGS? WHAT ARE YOU TELLIHG ME, WALKER? SPEAK UP! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
MR FARBER'S LIFE-LONG FRIEND AND LEGAL ADVISOR SHRUGGED..
I JUST CAN'T SEE YOU MAKING A FOOL OF YOURSELF, HAROLD. I JUST CAN'T SEE YOU PASSING AWAY, LEAVIHG YOUR MONEY TO THOSE...THOSE LEECHES...AND BELIEVING THEY LOVED YOU...
PLEASE, MILLARD!
SHUT UP, CROTTY!
GO OH, WALKER!
2

MILLARD WALKER'S VOICE WAS GENTLE... SOOTHING... THE VOICE OF A MAN CORCERRED ABOUT HIS DYIRD FRIEND AND CLIERT.

YOU'VE WORKED *HARD* ALL YOUR *LIFE*, HAROLD, *AMASSING* YOUR *FORTUNE*. I CAN'T SEE YOU TURNING IT *OVER* TO THAT HOARD OF *DESPISING RELATIVES*. THEY'RE JUST *WAITING ARDUND* FOR YOU TO *DIE* SO THEY CAN GET THEIR *HANDS* OR IT.

THAT ISN'T *TRUE*, THEY'VE COME BECAUSE...

THEY'VE *COME* BECAUSE THE MOMENT THEY'VE *DREAMED DF* IS *CLOSE AT HAND*. THEY'VE COME BECAUSE THEY *SMELL* THOSE *MINTY DOLLAR SIGNS*. THEY'VE *WAITED* FOR THIS MOMENT FOR *YEARS*... *PRAYED* FOR IT—

I *WDN'T BELIEVE* IT. THEY'RE *CONCERNED* ABOUT ME—!

THEY'RE *CONCERNED* ABOUT YOUR *MONEY*! *THAT'S ALL!* LOOK, HAROLD. *I* DON'T CARE. IT'S *YOUR* MONEY IF *YOU* WANT YO LEAVE IT TO THOSE.. THOSE *VULTURES*, *DO* IT. I'VE SAID MY PIECE...

SUPPOSE.. NOW, I'M NOT SAYING I *BELIEVE* YOU. BUT JUST *SUPPDSE* WHAT YOU *SAY* IS *TRUE*, WHAT WOULD *YOU* HAVE ME *DO* WITH THE MONEY?

BETTER TO TURN IT OVER TO A *WDRTHWHILE CHARITY*, HAROLD... TO PEOPLE WHO *NEED* THE MONEY, AND WILL *APPRECIATE* IT... THAN TO TURR IT OVER TO THOSE *WDRTHLESS GNDULS*.

IF... IF I COULD ONLY BE *SURE*! IF I COULD ORLY *KNDW FDR CERTAIN* THAT WHAT YOU'RE TELLING ME IS THE *TRUTH*!

IF— IF I *COULD PROVE IT* TO YOU, HAROLD IF I *COULD SNDW YDU*, WOULD YOU *CUT THEM DFF*... SIGN A *NEW WILL* LEAVIRG THE MONEY TO *CNARITY*?

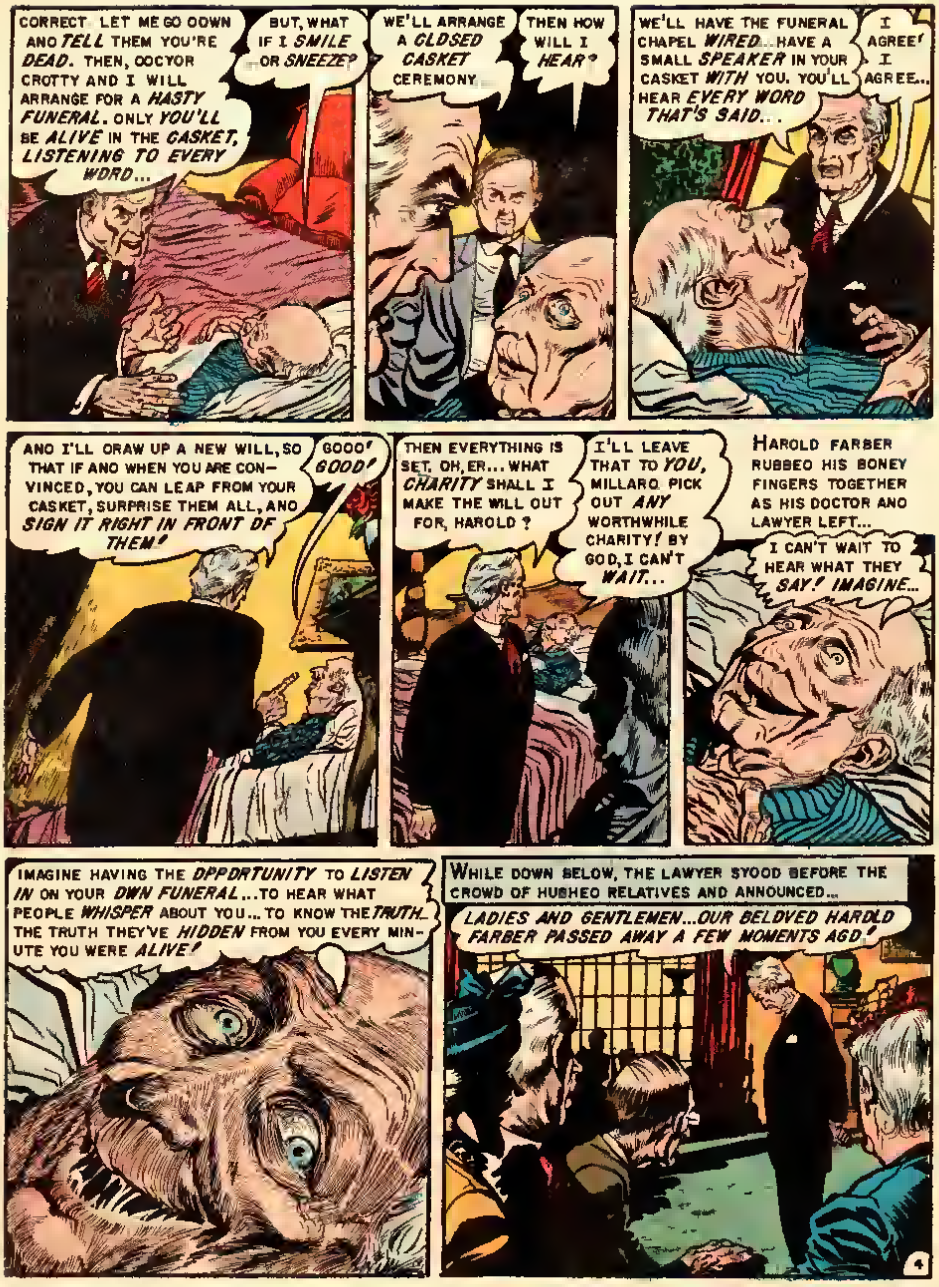
YES! YES! I *WDULD*! BUT HOW *CDULD* YOU?

HAROLD, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO *HEAR* THEM, *ALL* OF THEM, *LAUGNING* OVER YOUR *DEAD BODY*... SPEWING FORTH THEIR *TRUE FEELINGS*... OVER YOUR *CDRPSE*...

MY... MY *CDRPSE*?!

YES, HAROLD. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO *LISTEN IN* ON YOUR *OWN FUNERAL*? WOULD *TNAT CONVINCE YOU*?

BY GOD, WALKER! WHAT AN *IDEA*! YOU MEAR *STAGE A PNONY FUNERAL*?!


CORRECT LET ME GO OOWN ANO TELL THEM YOU'RE DEAD. THEN, OOCYOR CROTTY AND I WILL ARRANGE FOR A HASTY FUNERAL. ONLY YOU'LL BE ALIVE IN THE CASKET, LISTENING TO EVERY WORD...
BUT, WHAT IF I SMILE OR SNEEZE?
WE'LL ARRANGE A CLOSED CASKET CEREMONY...
THEN HOW WILL I HEAR?
WE'LL HAVE THE FUNERAL CHAPEL WIRED...HAVE A SMALL SPEAKER IN YOUR CASKET WITH YOU. YOU'LL HEAR EVERY WORD THAT'S SAID...
I AGREE! I AGREE...
ANO I'LL ORAW UP A NEW WILL, SO THAT IF ANO WHEN YOU ARE CONVINCED, YOU CAN LEAP FROM YOUR CASKET, SURPRISE THEM ALL, ANO SIGN IT RIGHT IN FRONT OF THEM!
GOOO! GOOD!
THEN EVERYTHING IS SET, OH, ER... WHAT CHARITY SHALL I MAKE THE WILL OUT FOR, HAROLD?
I'LL LEAVE THAT TO YOU, MILLARO. PICK OUT ANY WORTHWHILE CHARITY! BY GOD, I CAN'T WAIT...
HAROLD FARBER RUBBED HIS BONEY FINGERS TOGETHER AS HIS DOCTOR ANO LAWYER LEFT...
I CAN'T WAIT TO HEAR WHAT THEY SAY! IMAGINE...
IMAGINE HAVING THE DPPORTUNITY TO LISTEN IN ON YOUR DWN FUNERAL...TO HEAR WHAT PEOPLE WHISPER ABOUT YOU... TO KNOW THE TRUTH... THE TRUTH THEY'VE HIDDEN FROM YOU EVERY MINUTE YOU WERE ALIVE!
WHILE DOWN BELOW, THE LAWYER SYOOD BEFORE THE CROWD OF HUSHED RELATIVES AND ANNOUNCED...
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...OUR BELOVED HAROLD FARBER PASSED AWAY A FEW MOMENTS AGO!
4

THE NEXT MORNING, THE FUNERAL CHAPEL WAS JAMMED WITH PEOPLE... RELATIVES AND FRIENDS THAT HAD COME TO MOURN HAROLD FARBER'S PASSING. IN AN ANTEROOM, FROM BEHIND HEAVY DRAPES, HAROLD FARBER PEERED AT THEM...

THEY ALL *LOOK* SOMBER, WALKER. I THINK YOU'RE...

THAT'S BECAUSE THEY AREN'T *ALONE* WITH YOU. COME LET ME HELP YOU INTO YOUR COFFIN *YOU'LL SEE*...

MILLARD HELPED HIS AGED CLIENT INTO THE SATIN-LINED COFFIN. DOCTOR CROTTY STOOD BY, WAITING...

NOW HERE'S THE SPEAKER. YOU JUST LIE THERE AND LISTEN... *LISTEN* TO THE *WHOLE THING*.

WHAT ABOUT *AIR*. IF THE LID IS CLOSED...

THERE'LL BE ENOUGH AIR TO LAST AN HOUR OR SO. THAT'S ALL THE TIME YOU'LL NEED, I'M CERTAIN.

ALL RIGHT. IF YOU SAY SO.

READY?

READY.

THE LAWYER CLOSED THE LID. MR. FARBER LAY BACK AMONG THE SATIN FOLDS. THE SPEAKER AT HIS EAR RASPED...

CAN YOU HEAR ME, HAROLD?

YES...

LAWYER WALKER WHISPERED...

ALL RIGHT. I'M GOING TO *OPEN THE DRAPES* AND *LET THEM COME IN*. NOW, *LISTEN*...

MR FARBER HEARD THE DRAPES SLIDE OPEN... HEARD HIS TRUSTED LAWYER'S VOICE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. IN HIS *DYING WISH*, HAROLD FARBER REQUESTED A *CLOSED-COFFIN CEREMONY*... SO IF YOU WILL ALL *FILE PAST THE COFFIN*, WE'LL *BEGIN*...

LYING IN THE CASKET, HAROLD FARBER HEARD THE SOUNDS OF FOOTSTEPS SHUFFLING BY THE COFFIN... HEARD FAINT WHISPERS. HE STRAINED TO LISTEN...

IN HIS MIND'S EYE, HE COULD SEE THE FACES OF HIS 'MOURNING RELATIVES' FILING BY HIS CASKET AS HE HEARD...
HNMPH! IT'S ABOUT TIME THE OLD CROW KICKED OFF.
I'LL SAY! I'VE GOT ENOUGH DEBTS TO COVER MY WHOLE INHERITANCE...
ONE AFTER THE OTHER THEY CAME, AND HE COULD ALMOST SEE THEM AS THEY SAID...
GRIPES! I THOUGHT HE'D NEVER DIE. WHEN DO THEY READ THE WILL?
TOMORROW AT WALKER'S OFFICE. I'LL BE THERE WITH BELLS ON. IT'S FLORIDA FOR ME!
INSTEAD OF THAT DRGAH MUSIC, THEY OUGHT TO BE PLAYING, 'WE'RE GLAD THAT YOU'RE DEAD, YOU RASCAL, YOU!'
THAT'S A GOOD ONE, JOHN, AND SO TRUE! HEH! HEH!
HAROLD GRITTED HIS TEETH, THE TEARS WELLING UP IN HIS EYES AS HE HEARD...
ALL MY LIFE I HAD TO PRETEND I LIKED THE OLD CRUMB! NOW I'LL GET WHAT I REALLY LIKED! A SHARE OF HIS FORTUNE!
MMMNNN! HONEY! HONEY!! LOVE THAT WORD!
C'MON, HONEY. LOOK SAD! HE'S DEAD!
HOW CAN I? I'M DELIRIOUSLY HAPPY! BOY, CAN WE USE THAT DOUGH!
ONE AFTER THE OTHER, THEY CAME BY. HAROLD COULD SEE THEM... EACH ONE...
GOOD-BYE, FARBER HELLO, EASY LIVIN'! MY PRAYERS ARE ANSWERED!
THANKS FOR THE TOUCH, YOU OLD SKIN-FLINT!
THANK GOODNESS I DON'T HAVE TO SMILE AT HIS UGLY PUSS ANYMORE... MAKING LIKE I LIKE HIM...
FINALLY, HAROLD COULD STAND IT NO LONGER. HE LEAPED FROM HIS CASKET SCREAMING..
I'VE HEARD ENOUGH, YOU LIARS. YOU GOOD-FOR-NOTHING FORE-FLUSHERS..YOU VULTURES YOU LEECHES...
GOOD LORD! HE'S ALIVE!
6

THE MOURNING RELATIVES STARED IN HORROR AS OLD HAROLD FARBER STORMED UP AND DOWN..

I'M CUTTING YOU ALL OFF...EVERY BLASTED MONEY-HUNGRY ONE OF YOU. I'M CUTTING YOU OFF WITHOUT A CENT...

HERE'S THE WILL, HAROLD! AND A PEN

I'M LEAVING MY WHOLE FORTUNE TO A WORTHWHILE CHARITY TO THE .THE

MR. FARBER SCANNED THE WILL WITH BLAZING EYES...

TO 'THE HAPPY HOME FOR ORPHAN CHILDREN'...

MR. FARBER SIGNED THE WILL WITH A FLOURISH

THERE YOU MERCENARY RATS! YOU...YOU...GASP CHOKE...

MR FARBER DROPPED DEAD...

IN ANOTHER ANTEROOM, DOCTOR JAMES CROTTY WAS QUIETLY PAYING OFF THE GROUP OF ACTORS HE AND LAWYER MILLARD WALKER HAD HIRED TO SPEAK INTO THE MICROPHONE CONNECTED TO THE SPEAKER IN MR FARBER'S COFFIN...

THANKS, FOLKS! JUST WHAT WE WANTED!

AHY TIME, DOC, FOR THIS KIND OF DOUGH!

AND AFTER THE STUNNED RELATIVES HAD LEFT, THE DOCTOR AND THE LAWYER STOOD OVER MR. FARBER'S COFFIN WITH MR. FARBER'S 'REALLY-DEAD-THIS-TIME' CORPSE INSIDE, AND CONGRATULATED EACH OTHER...

WELL, JAMES CROTTY, PRESIDENT AND TREASURER OF 'THE NAPPY HOME FOR ORPHAN CHILDREN'! HOW DOES IT FEEL TO HAVE JUST RECEIVED A CONTRIBUTION OF TWO AND A NALF MILLION DOLLARS?

JUST FINE, MILLARD WALKER, VICE PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY OF 'THE HAPPY NOME FOR ORPNAN CHILDREN'! JUST FINE!

HEE,HEE. WELL, THAT'S MY SLIME-SERVING, KIDDIES. BY THE WAY I TOOK A TRIP OUT TO 'THE NAPPY HOME FOR ORPNAN CHILDREN' T'OTHER NIGHT. LOVELY PLACE! AND EMPTY LOT. FINE EDIFICE. TOO! A TENT. DARLING GROUP OF ORPNANS! TWO... GIRLS... AGES 29 AND 30, RESPECTIVELY! THEY'RE NELPING THE DOC AND THE LAWYER SPEND THE DOUGN WILLED TO THEIR 'DESERVING CNARITY'. BYE, NOW. REMEMBER.. IF YOU'RE A FAN AND AN ADDICT OF E.C. MAGS, JOIN THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!

THE END

FLASH! SPECIAL SALE!

THIS MONTH ONLY

ALL PRICES SLASHED!

NOTICE YOU MUST USE THE COUPON BELOW IN ORDER TO GET THESE SPECIAL PRICES. This offer will not be repeated. Supplies limited. Order while they last!

"PRESS RCTION" #620 FLASH CAMERR 4.95 ~~6.98~~

INDOORS! OUTDOORS! BLACK & WHITE! FULL COLOR! PRRTIES! NEWS SHOTS!

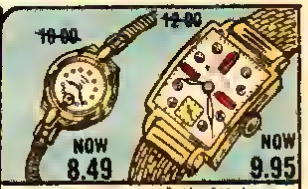
An AMAZING Camera Takes pictures DAY or NIGHT indoors or Roldoors! Shorp BLACK and WHITE snopshots or FULL COLOR photos using Kodacolor Film T2 Big pictures on 1 Roll of film. Flash attachment snaps on or off in seconds. Catch valuable news photos. Wio edmolion at parties, dances. NOW $4.88

CHECK FOR FILM ☐ Special #620 Orthochromatic 3 ROLLS for 01.00

~~9.50~~ NOW 6.98 ~~9.98~~ NOW 6.99

PERFECT for ac tive women and girls. Fine JEWEL LED movement in flarrly case GILT hands and num bers. Small Link Expansion Bracd WI NOW 00 98

BEST for active man and boys. SNOCN RESISTART and ARTI-MAGNET-IC! Lumingus Dial' Jewellad Move ment! Red Sweep Second! Expansion Bracelet NOW $6.99



~~10.00~~ NOW 8.49 ~~12.00~~ NOW 9.95

Ladias Jewelled Watch in a smart Gold finish case Dial has T2 Flash ing imitation DIA MONDS and RUB IES. Glamorous Snake Bracelet NOW $3.48

Rich Flashing Mens Jewelled Watch with 11 Sparkling imita tion DIAMONDS and RUBIES. Smal Bold finish case DeLuxe Basket weave Bracelet NOW $5.95

INITIAL RING

A Handsome Mas culine Ring with your own INITIAL set in Raised GOLD effect on a BRIL LIANT RUBY RED color stone. With 2 SPARKLING imi tation DIAMONDS on the sides. Rich 14K R G P NOW $3.79 ~~4.95~~

FREE

NO RISK HOME TRIAL

SEND NO MONEY! We want you to inspect and enjoy this fine quality merchandise – right in your own home. You risk noth ing! If not delighted return for FULL PRICE REFUND. Every arti cle we sell is GUARANTEED! Or der from this famous company and be convinced.

IDEAL CO.
BOX 232 MAD SQ STA N Y TO N Y

GUARANTEED SAVINGS

BRILLIANT MEN'S WATCH

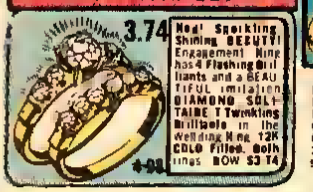
15 JEWELS 12.95 ~~20.00~~

A MAGNIFICENT Mens Watch that you'll be proud to own! GUARANTEED 15 JEWEL MOVE MENT in a Hand some GENUINE 10K R G P case. Rich bril liant GOLDEN SPARKLED Dial with flashing GILT NUG GET hour dots. Contrasting Jet Black center. Genuine Alligator grain leather strap. TERRIFIC VALUE NOW $12.95

"PRINCE" RING Has a Rich, Massive Ring for you. With a Regal Flashing imita tion DIAMOND and a Fiery Red Imitation RUBIES. 14K R G P NOW $3.49

CLUSTER RING with your OWN RAISED GOLD COLOR INITIAL on a Rich RUBY RED color stone set in a circle of Blazing imita tion DIAMONDS. 14K R G P NOW $3.49

ROMANCE SET



3.74 ~~4.98~~

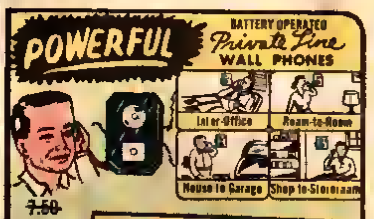
Real Sparkling Shining BEAUTY! Engagement Ring has 4 Flashing Bril liants and a BEAU TIFUL imitation DIAMOND SOLI-TAIRE T Twinkling Brilliants in the Wedding Ring. 12K GOLD Filled. Both rings NOW $3.74

DIAMOND RING for Men or Lad. 14K R G P. REAL DIA MOND CHIP on Gen MOTHER OF PEARL face. 2 RUBY color sida SPARKLERS NOW $4.98

BIRTHMONTH RING for Nan BRILLIANT EVENING SILVER with your PERSONAL BIRTHMONTH STONE. Choose Ruby, Emer old, or Sapphire colors NOW $2.98

POWERFUL

BATTERY OPERATED Private Line WALL PHONES



~~7.50~~ NOW 5.49 COMPLETE SET

for HOME or OFFICE USE

WOW! Your own PRIVATE-LINE "PHONE SYSTEM" that sets up in minutes—easily—anywhere you want it. Powerful BATTERY-OPERATED circuit carries two-way conversations loud and clear. Signal buttons and buzzers on each phone. SAVE TIME SAVE STEPS—just pick up the receiver, buzz your party and make the call! A thousand uses for this amazing instrument. All steel construction in handsome Hammertone Enamel finish. Complete set of 2 Phones, 50 feet of Wire, Instructions and Guarantee NOW $8.48

NOTE: When ordering this item enclose $1.00 Deposit

MAIL THIS COUPON

IDEAL CO., Dept. EC-1F
Box 232 Mad Sq Sta., New York 10, N.Y.

SEND NO MONEY! Just cut out pictures of articles desired and attach in this coupon. Pay postman plus few cents postage and excise tax on delivery. THEN EXAMINE IN YOUR OWN HOME. SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

PLEASE PRINT

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ STATE _____

(Send RING SIZES, INITIAL WANTED and your BIRTHMONTH. If you need more room attach a sheet of paper.)

The NEW way to enjoy SPORTS Movies, Plays, Television

NOW GET CLOSE-UP VIEWS ALL DAY WITHOUT FATIGUE

Here for the first time—Germany's famous **SPEKTOSCOPES**—a revolutionary concept in binoculars. Wear them like ordinary eye glasses—hour after hour—without fatigue. Feather weight—**only 1 oz.** You'll hardly **FEEL** them! Yet here is a new, truly powerful optical design that gives you greater range than many expensive opera or field glasses and a far greater field of view than some selling for many times more! Has **INDIVIDUAL** eye focusing for clear, sharp viewing, whether you're looking at a play in the first row or a seashore scene miles away! **SPEKTOSCOPES** are ideal for indoors, outdoors or distant scenes or close-by viewing. Special low price — 1.98, a saving of 8.00 or more!

FAVORABLE EXCHANGE RATE MAKES THIS VALUE POSSIBLE!

This is the first time that this type of optical instrument has ever sold for less than $10.00. The favorable rate of exchange and Germany's need for dollars makes it possible. We have been chosen as the exclusive distributor for **SPEKTOSCOPES** to the American public. Get yours now at our low, low introductory price of 1.98 tax & post paid!

TRY AT OUR RISK — NO OBLIGATION!

Enjoy at our risk for 5 days. **You must be delighted!** Otherwise your 1.98 will be refunded with no questions asked! Limited supply forces us to place a limit of 2 per customer. Send check or m.o. for prompt, free delivery. COD's sent plus COD Fees. Use convenient coupon below!

INTERNATIONAL BINOCULAR CO., Dept. 38-K-90
53 to 59 East 25th Street, New York 10, N. Y.

INTERNATIONAL BINOCULAR CO., Dept. 38-K-90
53 to 59 East 25th Street, New York 10, N. Y.

RUSH _____ SPEKTOSCOPES at 1.98 each (LIMIT—2) on 5 day home trial. You are to refund my 1.98 if I am not fully delighted.

☐ Payment enclosed. Send post free. ☐ Send COD plus Fees.

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ State_____

NOW YOU CAN FLY A REAL JET PLANE!

JETEX F-102

SPECIAL OFFER

If bought in the store, the Jetex #50 engine alone would cost $1.95; the Jetex F-102 $.95, a total cost of $2.90.

Rush the coupon and you get both the Jetex F-102 and the Jetex #50 jet engine for only $1.98 (plus postage and handling charges, C.O.D.)

$1.98

Includes fuel supply.

- **Complete with Jet Engine**
- **Genuine Balsa Wood**

You'll thrill and amaze your friends, be the envy of the neighborhood with this real JET airplane. It looks like a real jet, flies like one, even sounds like an actual jet plane. It will fly amazing distances at scale supersonic speed. The Jetex F-102 takes off under its own power, loops, circles, stunts and glides to a beautiful landing. As it flies, this beautiful model leaves a trail of white smoke just like a real jet.

The Jetex F-102 is a cinch to build. Comes complete with the famous Jetex #50 jet engine and all parts already cut out. Nothing more to buy! Just follow the easy instructions, glue the parts together and you're ready for thrills! This amazing jet airplane is made of GENUINE BALSA WOOD throughout. Its special construction gives it terrific strength and durability and with ordinary care the Jetex F-102 will give hundreds of fun-filled flights.

It's fun to assemble, thrilling to fly. So don't delay—SEND NO MONEY—rush your order today to be sure of prompt delivery.

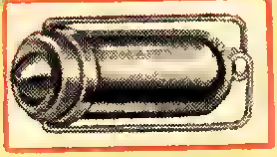
GUARANTEED TO FLY!

The Jetex F-102 is unconditionally guaranteed to fly if all instructions have been faithfully followed. If the Jetex F-102 does not fly, return the plane and the engine within 10 days for full refund.

FLASH!

As of this printing, the U.S. Air Force's F-102 does not have a name, because this supersonic airplane is brand new and still in the category of a military secret. The Jetex F-102 is the first model of its kind.

AMAZING JETEX #50 JET ENGINE



The world's smallest jet engine and the most powerful engine of its size ever sold! Operates at a jet exhaust speed of 900 miles per hour. Runs on solid fuel, starts every time, completely reliable. NO MOVING PARTS TO BREAK OR WEAR OUT. Can be used to power model airplanes, racing cars and boats.

JETEX F-102 400 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 17

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

RUSH!

JETEX F-102 400 Madison, New York, New York

Please rush the JETEX F-102 and JETEX #50 jet engine. I will pay postman only $1.98 plus C.O.D. charges on arrival.

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____

☐ I enclose $2.00 in cash, check or money order to save on C.O.D. charges. If the airplane does not fly, I may return it in 10 days for full refund of purchase price.